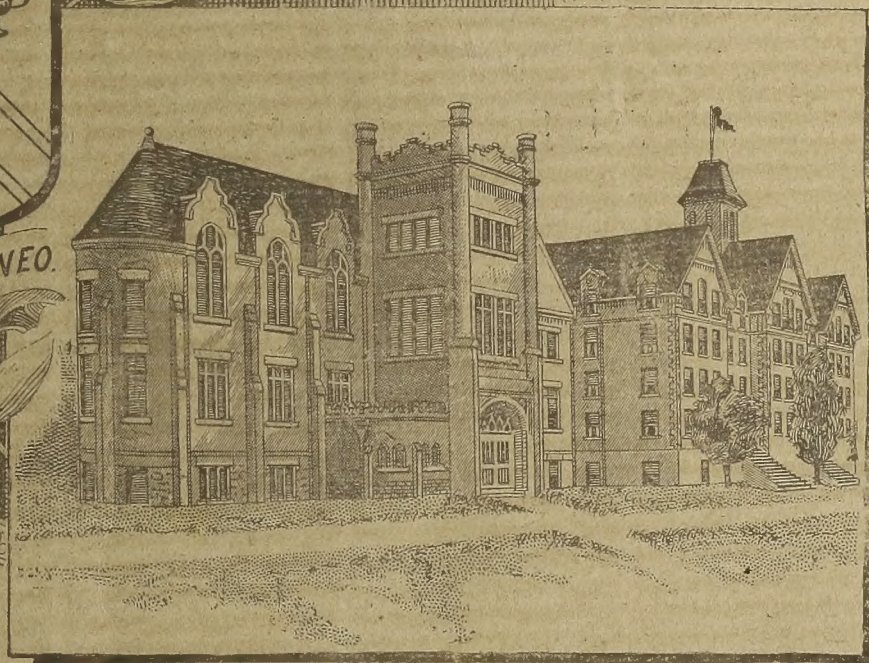


J. Ovington

VOL XII

No 4.

THE ALBERT COLLEGE TIMES



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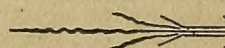
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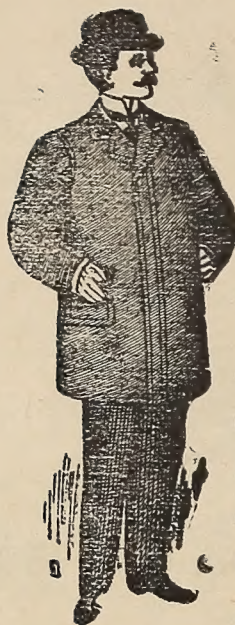
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with their overwhelming riches, their over-abundance of the things of this life. In short, the distribution of things has been unequal."—"A chat with Mr. Richard Whiteing," by Fred. A. McKenzie in "The Puritan."

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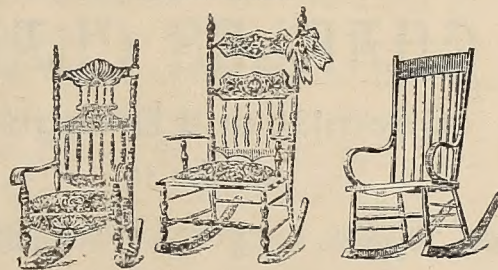
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VOL XII.

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 1900

No. 4

Albert College Times.

TERMS : 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

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PERSONALS :—

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EDITORIAL

—)o(—

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

College has again opened and everyone is at work. Many new students are here this year and to all of them we extend a hearty greeting, hoping they will enjoy themselves and pass a very pleasant time with us.

Our rink is in fine order now, and much improved, so that we have every facility for taking exercise as well as studying.

We have heard over and over again about New Year's Resolutions but did anyone ever hear of Christmas Resolutions? The reason why we so rarely keep the plans we make on New Year's day is that we have no time to practise beforehand. There are only a few who have enough will-power to make a good resolution and keep it from the start, but how would it be to make them on Christmas day? Then, by the help of Christ, try for one week. Never mind if you should fail once during the week but keep on; then, strengthened by the week of self-denial, you can begin on New Year's day to keep and not break your good resolutions.

To successfully carry forward any enterprise, one needs will-power and perhaps it would be as well to explain what will-power is and how to cultivate it if it is too weak.

Many seem to have will-power in some ways and

yet when the test comes, because they do not understand the elements of will-power, they fail in some undertakings, whereas they could just as well carry them through.

—)o(—

WILL-POWER

There is no chance, no destiny—no fate
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great.
All things give way before it, soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each well-born soul must win what it deserves;
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves;
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim. Why, even Death stands still
And waits an hour, sometimes, for such a will.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The three essential elements of will-power may be expressed in three words, Executiveness, Combativeness and Firmness. Beginning with the first we need a good deal of energy, of destructiveness to push forward and carry on a project. In fact we can accomplish little without a good deal of energy. We may be highly intellectual but it is of no use unless we have behind it the executiveness to put it into action.

When aided by combativeness, the desire to resist and to tackle hard things, we can accomplish a great deal; not only can we carry our plans forcefully, but we have also the ability to begin at new tasks that are very difficult.

Then again we must have firmness, the ability to persistently carry out a project; that faculty that says "I will not give up but will try over and over again."

With this combination, we can resist all temptations and we should try to be strong in this respect.

—o—

HEALTH, THE MAINSPRING OF SUCCESS.

The chief essential of success for a young man is

what the vast majority of young men think about the least—that is, good health and a sound constitution. That is the first thing; nothing precedes it. In the battle of success, that should be a young man's first thought; not his abilities, nor his work, but his health. That is the basis; the corner stone of all. Abilities cannot bring health, but health may, and generally does, develop ability.—January Ladies' Home Journal.

— o —

LITERARY

—)o(—

THE NEW YEAR.

We are standing on the threshold, we are in the opened door,

We are treading on a border land we have never trod before;

Another year is opening, and another year is gone,
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early morn;

We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;

We pass into the future which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mould,

May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty-fold.
Then hasten to fresh labor, to thrash and reap and sow,

Then bid the new year welcome, and let the old year go—

Then gather all your vigor, press forward in the fight,
And let this be your motto: "For God, and for the Right."

—o—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Peruvian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's love and the poet's lay,
The glories of Empires passed away—
Who the world's great roll can thus unfold,
Enjoys a pleasure better than gold.

Three hundred years ago was born in an obscure village, in the Midland County of England, one des-

tined to shine as the sun in the literary firmament—the Bard of Avon, William Shakespeare. We may ask “Had he a classical education?” He received but little school training at the free school in Stratford, which in those days meant, we cannot say how little, and even that was soon concluded by family misfortune. In his boyhood we do not witness or read of any prodigies of childish acquirement, any precocity of intellect—not even of that strange and wondrous learning and longing after the beautiful which is usually dignified with the name of juvenile genius.

In his youth he did not give promise of that sunlight of intellect which was destined to flood the whole earth with its rays. He gave no sign of future greatness, except in the possession of that free and fearless spirit of adventure. His earlier life is nothing save as a prelude to the coming man. His boisterous sportings, his carousals, his experience as tutor, are as nothing.

How shall we trace him through the successive occupations of call boy, minor actor, writer, and reader, till he became the bosom friend of earth’s noblest minds, among whom he shone as the sun among stars—the man, before whose amazing intellectual wealth all who knew him bowed in reverential homage? We cannot follow his history chronologically. It is only as the natural historian counts developments and compares phases of existence that we can hope to study him. The lapse of three short centuries has enveloped in the cloud of tradition all that pertains to his personal career, yet these clouds are only as the fog on the horizon. Above that bound rises majestically the orb of light—the one central mind which sends forth THOUGHTS innumerable and eternally enduring.

We can see him as he darts forth his rays of purest light, brightening up the dark and undiscovered recesses of the human heart, while bringing into full play the affections and passions and powers of his characters, and opening up to us mines of rich treasures, flashing and sparkling as the diamond, where before we saw only the dim shadowy outline of its form.

“In such an age immortal Shakespeare wrote,
By no quaint rules nor hamp’ring critics taught:
With rough majestic force he moved the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art.”

Though he was under greater disadvantages than some, yet he had more genuine beauties. And what makes the brightest glory of his character is that these beauties were his own and owing to the force of his own nature; whereas his faults were owing to his education and to the age in which he lived. His imaginations were often as just as they were bold and strong. He seems to have wanted nothing but time and leisure for thought. His characters are drawn justly, exactly, except where he failed by not knowing history or poetical art.

The penetrating glance of Shakespeare has seen every motive which prompts human action, and exposes to view all the variations of human thought. He has pictured and described every phase of life, changing from scene to scene, from object to object, from peace to war, from hatred to love, until we are bewildered with the effect.

Shakespeare does not attempt to create character, but to unfold it, and his characters are true representatives of the actors in the world’s great drama, because he saw the heart of humanity, not through another’s glass but with his own unclouded vision. In his heart are unfolded all tearful agonies, the mother’s wail, the maiden’s grief. While he voiced the laughter and innocent merriment and enjoyment of friends, yet on the other hand his lips showed smiles of derision and scorn.

All the images of nature were present in him and he drew them not laboriously but luckily. When he describes anything you feel it as well as see it. Those who accuse him of having wanted learning give him greater commendation—he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. He is always great when some great occasion is presented to him.

He aims to give the world that which was not, but to reveal that which was and is and ever shall be. Beyond this he had no ambition, he soared not after the illimitable or even the difficult. His situations were all possible, his actions natural.

In each of the personalities, one sees the innate character, the primary motive of action, it appears in every word defying concealment. With one touch

the image is before you, not a thousand laboured words, but one bold truth-speaking line brings out in full relief all one needs to know. In a moment the panorama is before you, its parts all separately introduced, yet so rapidly and skillfully blended, as to give the idea of complete and perfect oneness.

Duncan and Banquo will not perish in Macbeth, nor Desdemona in Othello, nor Cordelia and her father in Lear, nor Brutus in Julius Cæsar, nor young Hamlet in Hamlet.

As he speaks of the heart, so he speaks to the heart. The most unlettered being is melted to tears and carried away in raptures at the proper rendering of his characters, because there is a language of the heart which needs no teaching to enable us to interpret. The most exquisite touches and the blendings of the natural with the artificial can only be rightly appreciated as we rise in our knowledge of humanity. Our horizon is limited thus by what we know, but never yet has one attained to that elevation whence he could look down beyond the confines of Shakespearean thought.

He who knows the most has always venerated the bard most highly. That which is true in one age is true in all; and the characters of Shakespeare will never die; never grow antiquated, but will always retain the vigor and freshness of the Elizabethan age, so long as humanity lasts.

Shakespeare was not so much esteemed, even during his life, as we commonly suppose, but he was not entirely forgotten after his death. Milton, when still young, wrote these lines showing that he was the dear son of memory, the great heir of fame.

“What need my Shakespeare for his honour’d bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need’st thou such dull witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a lasting monument.
For whilst to the shame of low endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with such impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.”

Nearly three hundred years have passed since the great one departed. Far as the wide range of civilization extends his works are read. In his writings, the great Shakespeare flourishes the immortal youth, when the conquerors shall have been forgotten, he who opened upon new avenues of thought shall be cherished in the memories of a grateful world.

Each succeeding age does him greater homage, and when we shall have attained to the highest possible perfection of intellectual culture, then, and then only, will the value of the services which he rendered to humanity be really appreciated. The noble thoughts to which he first gave expression will form the character of the future ages, and their purifying, elevating, ennobling influence will largely tend to bring about that for which men pray—the good time coming. Then, and then only, will the world know that it has been greatly indebted to William Shakespeare.

“When nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear;

E’en now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e’er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne’er shall die,
Though now he crawl along the ground so low.”

—o—

MISSIONARY and RELIGIOUS

—)o(—

ARM OF THE LORD! AWAKE.

—

Arm of the Lord! awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy Throne,
“I am Jehovah—God alone!”
Thy voice their idols shall confound
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus’ side.

Almighty God ! Thy grace proclaim
 In every clime, of every name,
 Till adverse powers before Thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour—Lord of all,

—o—
MISSION MEETING.

The meeting of the Ladies' Mission Band was held at 4 p. m., Dec. 10th, in the College Chapel. At this meeting, as at every meeting, the ladies manifested the greatest interest. They spared neither time nor care in the preparation of their work. At this last meeting the following well-chosen program was rendered :—

Reading.....Partnership.....Miss Mallory
 Chorus.....Send the Light.....Mission Band
 Recitation....What is that in thy hand ;.....

Solo .I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord."...
 PaperMackay, of Uganda.....Miss Roadhouse

Our Mission Band is the Banner Band of the Bay of Quinte Conference, and we hope it will ever be able to hold the position. But it has a higher and nobler aim than that—to inspire its members to live holier and more consecrated lives, and in years to come, to make their influence felt throughout the land.

—o—
NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Ingwavuma, Zululand, Oct. 19th, 1899.

For some time past the sole topic of interest in South Africa has been war, war, war, and now it has actually commenced.

We are in an isolated spot but, nevertheless, we are in a state of cruel suspense. This part of Zululand, which extends as far north as the Usutu River, has long been coveted by the Dutch, as, by getting it, they would have an opening to the sea. We are about twenty miles south of the Usutu.

Rumors are current, on good authority, that a Boer force is now on its way here ; so naturally we feel anxious, for there are only three white men beside myself. Of course we have a large and thoroughly

drilled native police force, also the magistrates and native police officers are confident that in a very few hours they could summon at least three thousand natives from the neighboring kraals, who have guns and who, I believe, are thirsting for the opportunity of settling old scores with the Dutch. A strong, though small fort, has been built and is being provisioned. I have just packed a box of medicines and dressing to put into it.

I am willing to fight and to run after as away from the Dutch, which ever seems to be the proper thing to do when the time comes ; but I can tell you the idea of being shut up here in a fort, like a rat in a trap, does not appeal very strongly to my views for the establishment of British Supremacy in South Africa. I dare say, however, that matters will be adjusted without my assistance.

My work is going on smoothly. The church is finished. I have just received seventeen members on trial. The native minister now teaches every day.

With kindest wishes to all friends,

F. J. LIVINGSTONE.

A later letter tells of the invasions of the Boers. Dr. Livingstone is in a place of safety, his present address being Eshawe, Zululand.

A letter just received from Dr. Livingston from Durban, Natal, says :—"I am to sail for home on Dec. 16th. The war has caused a break in my work. I have been trying to get "to the front," but cannot. I have been appointed ship surgeon from here to London, so all things arrange themselves to make it advisable to go home now. My ship is the "Inseziva," a new Aberdeen Liner, now on her first voyage. I will (D. V.) reach London about Jan. 9th and will proceed without delay."

—o—
REALITY.

We owe the thoughts of the following to an address delivered by the Rev. John R. Mott at the convention at Northfield, Mass.

As we read the gospels we are impressed with the reality of Jesus Christ - how He lived out what He said ; how He practised what He preached ; never

did His actions fail to correspond to His teaching. It can be said of Him, "Even Christ pleased not Himself"; "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." When He told His disciples to keep His commandments, He was able to say of Himself, "As the Father hath given me commandment, even so I do." He urged the disciples to go into secret, and close the door, and then pray to their Father that seeth in secret; and we find Him withdrawing into the mountain apart to pray. He even spent the whole night in prayer before undertaking to choose His own disciples. He urged His disciples to tarry in the city until endued with power from on high; nor did He enter upon His life work until He had been baptized with the Holy Ghost, for we are told it descended upon Him in bodily shape, as a dove.

As we read the acts of the Apostles, we see the great part that witness-bearing had with the propagation of the Gospel. In the Epistles, special stress is given to conduct. The Apostles did not speak lightly of witness-bearing, but they placed the chief stress upon the life that made the witness-bearing irresistible. We are living in a time that greatly needs the propagation of the gospel by means of conduct. We need more Christians of reality in our colleges, in our universities, more Christians whose lives correspond to their creed; more Christians who truly represent Jesus Christ; more Christians who show forth the reality of the existence of Jesus Christ at this time.

Wherein do we fall short of being Christians of reality? Should we not be ashamed of the reality in our speech? There are so many evidences of unreality, exaggeration, deceit, flattery; saying things behind men's backs we would not say to their faces; belittling criticism and careless remarks. Do the things we tell for truth have full control of us? When we say that Jesus Christ is our personal Saviour, is He? Does he really save us moment by moment? Do we constantly feel His presence? Is it a reality we maintain in our testimony? Does our testimony correspond to our lives? We urge men to keep the morning watch. Do we spend the first half hour of each day in Bible study and secret prayer? We urge others to do personal work for

Christ. Yet is it a real urging if we do not put it into practice? A real Christ-like life must be like Christ's. We do not find Him passing in and out among men and not speaking about His claims upon their souls—the only part of man that lives forever. If we are silent about this, is it not an unreal Christian life we lead? Is there any reality in our Christian work?

We should be Christians of reality in our thinking. And here the substance of our thoughts so often cannot be the substance of the thoughts of Jesus Christ. The real Christian is the man through whom Christ is thinking; the man, in other words, who has the mind of Christ. Imagine these thoughts in the mind of Christ; unkind thoughts, jealous thoughts, envious thoughts, selfish thoughts, proud thoughts, impure thoughts, vindictive thoughts, dishonorable thoughts. Is this the mind of Jesus Christ? Do we so conceive of Him? Is this Christian reality? On the other hand, there are things that are true, and honorable, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. If there be any virtue—that is, if there be any reality, any soundness, any genuineness in the Christian faith—these should be the objects of our thoughts. Doubts, we all have them. Do we meet them aright? Are we saying, "When my doubts are removed I will draw nearer to Christ," or are we going to come to Christ now and trust, fully, really trust Him to remove the doubts.

It is well to believe just what we do believe, even if we do not believe so many things. How much the world owes to the great central belief of John, the Apostle, in the deity of Jesus Christ. How he has made it stand for the lighting of the multitudes through the centuries. How much we owe to the fact that Luther believed from the depth of his soul in justification by faith?

We all have our temptations. Sometimes we are totally indifferent to them; but it is at our peril that we so trifle. Some student may say, "I am fighting every day." Yes! but is it a real battle or a sham? Temptation is real and if we conquer, we must have a real fight. We must take the real Christ of to-day into battle with us. Get Him into

our very selves, and how ?

Let us be Christians of reality in our prayer life. Even into this holy place may creep in much of sham or unreality. In the substance of the prayer, for example. Selfish prayers are not the prayers that are prayed by the Spirit of God in a man If I come to my knees with an unforgiving or a jealous spirit or any other wrong spirit, I had better cease praying. Why? "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." He has never been known to hear a prayer which proceeded from a heart in which iniquity had been tolerated. Have you ever found yourself upon your knees not conscious of the words you were praying; worse than that, probably, not conscious of the thought involved in the words; or, worse still, not conscious of the presence and reality of the One to whom the words were nominally addressed? That is unreality in prayer. It is not prayer.

Let us have Christians of reality in building up a spiritual life. Are our lives further up the mountain path of Christian attainment this year than a year ago? Surely that should be the case with a real Christian. The real Christian is not standing still or going down hill. Are the truths of God, as revealed in the Bible, having right of way in our life day by day, and are they being appropriated? If not, it is not the characteristic Christian who feeds upon the Word of God and meditates thereon day by day. Do we have larger achievements in prayer this year than we had last? If not, there is something the matter with our prayer life. Are we more sensitive to the slightest approaches of sin and temptation than formerly?

How, now, are we to cultivate this reality in our lives? We must arouse from our sleep and exercise ourselves as Paul did. He was able to say, "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man." It takes not only time and energy to develop reality, but also thinking. If a man, before he prays, would stop a moment to think, he might not pray so long but he would pray more. It is well to remember, too, that our prayers are not measured by their extent, but by their contents. If men in the colleges would

stop and think a little before they speak in the class meetings, or in the meetings of the association, it would change many of the speeches we hear.

"Guard thy heart above all thou guardest, for out of it are the issues of life." If a man wants reality in his speech, in his prayers, in his actions, he must have reality in his heart. That is the part with which God is concerned. "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts." Therefore let us go with Elisha to the spring of the waters and cast the salt in there that the streams may be pure that issue forth.

If we are to live the life of reality, the suggestion that gathers all of the others, and without which they constitute a mechanical process, is to have Christ live within us. If Christ be formed in a man, and by His spirit be allowed to reign in a man's life, that man will have the mind of Christ, he will be speaking the messages of Christ, he will be showing forth the excellencies of Christ, and he will be engaged in the work of Christ.

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A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

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From the time quarry of eternity,
God hews to-day another rugged stone,
And says to me, "Come ye, and work with me;
Help me to make to men my purpose known."

How shall we help Him; we, who are unskilled,
To carve from common years the Golden Year?
Who does His will and with Christ's love is filled,
Helps make His love known, brings His kingdom near,

—OLIVE E. DANA in Womans Evangel.

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LOCAL and ATHLETIC

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Our Christmas holidays are o'er;
We dine on roasted goose no more;
No more we're asked to come and try
Our COUSIN'S Christmas cake and pie;
No more we wile the time away;
No more we sleep twelve hours a day;
No more we chat twelve hours a night,
And wander homeward with the light;
No more we call around at eight
To take our COUSIN for a skate;
No more our sisters curl our hair,
For things are different down here;
No more turkeys run and hide,
For 'tis no longer Christmas-tide.

present, "Albert" being well represented. The warm, welcome and hearty shake of the hand received by each on entering the church, made us all feel that we were not strangers in a strange land, but were among friends.

An hour and a half was spent in promenading and in pleasant conversation, during which time piano solos were contributed by several ladies and gentlemen of the congregation of Bridge Street Church.

During the next hour an excellent programme was rendered by the students of the different colleges Miss Ethel Johnson, Miss Fairfield, Miss Marlin, and Mr. Luck gave vocal solos; Miss Vallean, piano solo; Miss Queena Watson and Miss Mabel Vermilyea, vocal duet; and short addresses were given by the chairman, Mr. William Johnson, Rev. C. E. McIntyre, Prof. Faull, Mr. Hubbell and Mr. J. Frith Jeffers.

After refreshments had been partaken of, an exceedingly pleasant and profitable evening was brought to a close, and we feel sure that all who were present will ever cherish a kindly feeling towards the Epworth League and congregation of Bridge Street Methodist Church.

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A CHAPTER OF CHRONICLES.

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(Held over from last issue.)

Far away in the northern part of that great continent, which divided the waters of the Pacific from the waters of the Atlantic, lieth a land, which is called the land of Canada. Rich and fertile are its fields, and abundant the harvests that are reaped therefrom, so that men come from all parts of the earth to live within its borders, and to partake of the goodly fruits which there abound.

At the time of which I write, even the year eighteen hundred ninety and nine, the Queen of that land was the good Victoria. She had then reigned about two and sixty years, and she dwelt in the island of Britain, three thousand miles eastward across the Great Sea. And Gilbert, of the tribe of Minto and of the house of Elliot, was governor over the land, and he ruled wisely and well, and was much

beloved by the people.

Now a certain part of that land was called the Province of Ontario. For it came to pass that one hundred and twenty years before this time, there was an insurrection in the country, which adjoineth Ontario, and the people who made war against their king prevailed, and were no more subject to him nor his descendants. But there were certain some among them, who still did him honor, and they, for this sake, were exiled from that land. And they journeyed into the country of Ontario, and there made unto themselves new homes. And when they saw that the land round about was a goodly land, rich in pastures and in trees and in springs of water, they said: "Lo! here will we rest from our sojourning." And they pitched their tents and there abode.

And they built houses and barns and mills upon the banks of the rivers, and there were born unto them sons and daughters. And their descendants are among the great ones of that land unto this very day. And it came to pass that men of various nations came also to those regions, and the people grew and multiplied exceedingly, so that they built towns upon the great waters, and their fame went abroad into the whole earth. Great ships also came and went upon those waters, bearing merchandise, whereby many merchants waxed rich, and multitudes in the land fared sumptuously every day, and were clothed in silken apparel.

Now, at the time of which I write, there were scattered throughout that country, as through all the countries of the earth, a sect called Methodists. Within that land, even the province of Ontario, they had built for themselves many temples, and many priests ministered unto the people, and taught them each Sabbath according to their doctrine, and persuaded men to turn from the evil of their ways.

And the priests and people groaned over their children because of their great folly, and reasoned one with another on this wise. "What availeth our gold and what our silken apparel when our sons and our daughters have not wisdom? We will contribute of our stores, and we will seek a place, where they may assemble together, and sit at the feet of great sages." And the fathers journeyed to the east and

to the west, and behold on a hill near a winding river, which was called the River Moira, they built for themselves a College, and they gave it the name of Albert, after the good prince, who was much beloved in the land. Now it came to pass that throughout the months of this year, eighteen hundred, ninety and nine, many youths and maidens were assembled in this place from divers parts of the earth, and they all sought to obtain wisdom.

And there were certain zealous young men among them, who could not be wholly satisfied because of a want of strength, for the wise men had taught them, saying: "Knowledge is much to be desired, and its possessor greatly to be praised, but sorrow will be to him that has not strength in his body." And the thing seemed good to the youths, and they banded together, and they formed a goodly company, that their lives might be prolonged upon the land.

And because they all longed to exceed Samson in strength, they vowed vows to themselves that they would no more be shaven. All the days of their vow, there should no razor come upon their upper lip. Twice thirty days should the vow be in force. And these are they who agreed to let hair grow on their faces.

James, the son of Elias, of the tribe of Young, who marked all things from a phrenological standpoint; Amos, the son of the priest Job, of the tribe of Roadhouse, who lived where flowers grew in plenty; Geo., whose father also was George of the tribe of Morris; Stillman, the son of Charles, of the tribe of Kemp, who chose to wander among the green leaves; David, the son of George, of the tribe of Wren, who desired to minister in sacred things; James, the son of Robert, of the tribe of Caskey, who instructed youths in various feats of strength; Wm., the son of Michael, of the tribe of Connolly, who was well favored and pleasant of speech so that many fair damsels smiled graciously upon him; Edward, the son of Wm., of the tribe of Gladney, whose voice oft resounded far and wide; Roy, the son of the priest Wm., of the tribe of Teeple, who loved to borrow the razors of his elders, and James, of the tribe

of Doane, who made much music on the stringed instruments. Owen, of the tribe of Redick, who was well beloved by the youth, for he was careful in well-doing, and the HIGH priest John, the son of Samuel, of the tribe of Aikins, who, from his shoulders upward, was above any of the other youths. Charles, the son of Benjamin, of the tribe of Schlichter, a choice young man and a goodly, and James, of the tribe of Girvin, who was exceedingly famed for great swiftness of foot. George, the son of the priest of the tribe of Reynolds, who, by his morning walks, brought much joy to the hearts of both youths and maidens. Samuel, also the son of Wm., of the tribe of Anglin, who led the band of sweet singers, and there was not among the sons of Albert a goodlier youth than he. Clarence, the son of Jos., of the tribe of Langmaid, a young man of fair and pleasant countenance, and John, of the tribe of Laycock, whose greatest delight lay in smacking his lips over taffy on a tick. Jas., the son of John, of the tribe of McNeil, and Robert, of the tribe of Hutton, whose homes were in far distant lands. Walter, the son of Walter, of the tribe of Kirby, who beamed upon damsels so that a score of them accused him of fickleness of heart. Clifford, the son of David, of the tribe of Manchester, who was grievously afflicted with bodily infirmities, so that he reclined oft and long upon his bed. Maurice, of the tribe of Parry, who loved to kick balls into the air; David, of the tribe of Jameson, who espoused the cause of the wandering Jew, and Samuel, whose father was Edmund, of the tribe of Tink, about whom a rumor was spread that he had already spoken for a little maid who was yet too young to leave her father's house. John, the son of Jas., of the tribe Irvine, who fasted thrice in the week, and Blake, of the tribe of Harns, whose tongue moved more swiftly than the tongues of all others. Bertrand, also of the tribe of Horton, who was possessed of a good countenance; Robert, also the son of Geo., of the tribe of Pritchard, who loved to wander far and near over the face of the earth; Elmer, of the tribe Luck, and Herbert, the son of the priest Joseph, of the tribe of Ward, upon whose faces no razor had ever come. Mortimer, of the tribe of Begart, who so artfully transformed himself into a fair maiden,

that youths were fascinated by his winning smiles and bowed in adoration before him. Jefferson, the son of Daniel, of the tribe of Kidd, and Jas., of the tribe of Smith, whose kinsmen abounded in all parts of the earth; James, the son of George, of the tribe of Lamb; Frederick, of the tribe of Okell, who sowed wise sayings broadcast throughout the land, and Geo., of the tribe of Robinson, whose tongue betrayed the birthplace of his parents, and other choice and mighty youths, in all, five and twenty men.

But this vow found not favor in the eyes of the maidens for they loved sights pleasant to look upon, and they uttered harsh and grievous threats, and because certain youths had regard for certain maidens, the vows they had made caused them feelings of sadness, and in sackcloth and ashes they repented them, sore of their grievous folly. And behold they communed and took counsel together and they mingled their lamentations. And as they gazed upon their unshaven countenances, they grieved that their good looks were gone. Then their hearts repented them of their rash vows and behold eight of them quickly arose and they seized razors and they made bare their faces.

But he who would read further of these hairy youths, of the great feast which they hoped to adorn, of the doleful groans which were heard at their meetings, of the words of wisdom which fell from their lips, of the tearing of hair and of oft broken vows, he who would read of the few who remained faithful, behold are not all these things written in the second chapter of the Book of Chronicles?

—o—

He (looking at his watch)—I am just like my watch, I always tell the truth.

She—Your watch is going, is it not?

BOGART'S COLD.

B-g-rt—I wish I knew how I caught this cold.

Jack—Didn't you get a bad cold last spring when you changed your underwear?

B-g-rt—Yes, I believe I did.

Jack—This cold is in your head, isn't it?

B-g-rt—Yes.

Jack—You must have changed your mind this time, then.

C-n-o-ly—Say W - - n! do you suppose there will be any marrying in heaven?

W - - n—Certainly not, men don't marry one another.

E C
B

Mr. D.—If that young man is coming to see you every day in the week, you had better give him a hint to come after tea.

Miss D.—I don't think it is necessary, that is what he comes after.

H-r-t-n to L - - k—Suppose a load of hay was on one side of the river and a jackass was on the other side and no bridge, and the river is too broad to swim. How can the jackass get at the hay?

L - - k—I'll give it up.

H-r-t-n—Well, that's just what the other jackass did.

Freshie to old student—How many sides are there to a circle?

Why two, of course; the inside and the outside.

WHO?

There was a boy, who, MARK my words,

Was but an ELL in height.

He wandered home quite liesurely

Upon a FROSTY night.

The wild wind whistled round his ears

And turned his poor nose blue,

But where it kissed his downy cheek

It left a ROSY hue.

He had so many winning ways—

Such smooth, cute, kittenish curls,

That at the socials he could steal

All other fellows' girls.

And many a strange girl on the street

Glanced in those eyes of tender blue,

And wondered who that nice boy was,

And so do I. Don't you?

Who says that Girvin isn't training for cycling this coming season? A glimpse at his room on closing day would have dispelled all doubt.

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ATHLETIC.
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At a special meeting of the Athletic Association on Jan. 11th, a hockey team was organized, with Mr. Irvin Wallace as Captain and Messrs. Faul, Laycock and Caskey as team committee.

Hockey Players are numerous at the College this year and Albert will, without doubt, have a star team.

—o—
FRESHIES.
—

One beautiful autumn afternoon, while the sun was shedding its refulgent rays over the fair scene (College Hill) preparatory to sinking from view in the beauteous west, two youths were seen wending their way up the walk to the College. They had not the swinging, easy, I-own-the college step of an old boy, so we, who were sitting on the steps or lounging in our window-seats, at once decided that they must be "freshies." And "freshies" they were, but not so fresh as they looked, as we afterward learned.

The subjects of this sketch are Bertrand Benedict Baldwin and Maitland Etherington Horton, sons of a Methodist minister at present stationed at Bobcaygeon, but formerly at Trenton, to which place our brave boys go often and when they come back to us the love-light is sparkling in their eyes.

They are clever boys, both being in the fourth form and if they (but more especially the older one) can only keep from thinking of the fair sex all the time, we predict brilliant careers for them.

Bertrand, the elder, commonly called Bert, is the proud possessor of a very pretty mouse-color moustache, with charmingly curled ends, of which he is justly proud, and which the ladies assure him is "perfectly divine." Maitland, as yet, boasts of no such sign of manly beauty, being as yet in short trousers but he can boast of the ability to make more noise than half a dozen ordinary boys, if he be so "dis-

posed," and he lives in mortal terror of that august body, "The Vigilance Committee."

Taken together, they are not at all bad boys, and we are delighted to welcome them to our halls.

—o—
Jimschwizzer Amphipolis McNeill from Ormstown, Co., Quebec, is, without doubt, the freshest freshie that has been. He is either too narrow in the upper story to comprehend the fact that he is but an insignificant freshie or else by that peculiar faculty of pig-headedness, which is a characteristic of such shaped craniums as his, he chooses to pretend not to know. It is not necessary for us to tell any of his previous history before coming to Albert, as that worthy has spared no pains to let every one know what happened "down home." We believe, however, that his father was a carpenter, being a "square" man, and finding it impossible to "hammer" anything into his "plane" son, he decided to send him to Albert after he "saw" he was not altogether "plumb." He is here, taking up theology and Part I Matric., and his progress in the catechism of the former might be expressed as an official diagnosis; also of his case—"past redemption."

Finding his first room, and surroundings, not high enough for his tastes, he removed to the top flat, thinking when up there with those elite seniors, his freshness might be somewhat cloaked by their companionship. We might, however, offer a few suggestions that this worthy should consider:—

Don't get mad in Philomathian; it shows an unchristian spirit.

Don't seek to move in an aristocratic church circle.—You are out of place.

Don't call too frequently on your neighbors, and don't, please don't, tell us any more about what happened "down home."

Then, do remember that you are expected to wash your face and try to keep yourself cleanly and presentable.

And do remember that Albert College will exist after you have gone, even as it did before you came.

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-three, a child was born in the village of Ottawa and the parents took counsel together what they would have him called. After long and earnest deliberation they chose to call him "David Isaac Jamieson." The child waxed strong in the capacity of a clown and general nuisance and came to Albert in '99 to pursue his weary way in that direction. "Ikey," for so the boys chose to call the clown, has, like so many freshmen, the destructive malady of a very ardent love for the weaker sex and we fear the city may hold him responsible for a very large amount of pavement worn out by him on certain occasions. This "freshie" has a wonderful appetite, but notwithstanding this, is not selfish, for he has been known to divide his basket with ———.

"Ikey" is very patriotic and is ever describing the picturesqueness of his native hamlet. He is a good rugby player and in conclusion we might say a fairly good student.

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The subject of this sketch, Jimimilins Hellamins Lamb, was born in the northern county of Simcoe. He was the only son of his father and perhaps it was owing to this fact that he was the recipient of so much care and attention. His parents took counsel together as to what they should do with this promising youth and finally decided that they would send him to Collingwood Collegiate. After about a year and a half there, this youth had dispensed with a great deal of his farmer-like ways, the country green and the hayseeds in his hair, and had acquired his Part I matric., some very good clothes and a desire to become a Methodist parson. For the purpose of gratifying this latter, he came to Albert in the fall of '99. Since coming here he has made for himself a name of being not too bad. We attribute this to the fact that he has been out before he came here, an advantage which he possesses over many of his louder freshie brethren.

He attends divine services at Bleeker Avenue, where we believe he also conducts a young lady's Bible class there in the evening—singular—he conducts a young lady to—well, no matter—keep on, Jimimbus, 'tis a necessary acquisition for a Method-

ist parson. We predict for Jimimbus a pleasant college career while here, should he continue as he has done, and whatsoever is more needed regarding him, is it not recorded in the book of Chronicles?

— o —

Seeing that it is fashionable to spend one's Xmas. holidays elsewhere than at one's native home, John Bull Baugh came all the way from Ailsa Craige to help surround the Xmas. turkey at Albert College.

This notorious freshman is supposed to be taking a Commercial course and has the idea that he is always welcome at all the older students' rooms and thinks the proper thing to do, while there, is to crack what he considers to be witty jokes. Just here we would like to inform him that there is nothing more laborious to an old student than this.

This insignificant personage, having a very ardent love for the favorite beverage of the calf, decided to take a course in cheese-making. Here, like other calves, he grew lanky and raw-boned and after having graduated, he began to peddle newspapers.

This uproarious youth evidently imagines that he is the whole "push" as he saunters leisurely into the dining hall just as the victuals have been blessed, for he is so fond of being late that a short time ago, before taking his afternoon nap, he had his alarm set to awaken him half an hour after grace had been said.

We give the following advice

"Lest ye forget!

Lest ye forget!"

I. That you are a poor, green, insignificant, unbearable freshman.

II. That you must not call at the room of an old student except when invited.

III. That you are not the whole tip.

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PERSONALS

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The "Times" wishes all students a Happy New Year.

Mr. Shaver, a former student of Albert, took tea at the College a short time ago.

Miss Ruth Spafford called at the College last week.

Mr. C. Stevenson, a former student, took tea at the College Saturday.

Miss R. Chislett was in for our opening social.

Mr. M. Kemp is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Lovering, of British Columbia, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Bosely.

Miss Gardiner spent the Christmas holidays with friends in Hamilton.

Miss De Guerre, during the holidays, assisted in concerts at Napanee, Brighton and Cobourg.

Miss Johnstone spent her holidays at her home near Rednersville.

The "Times" regrets to learn of the serious illness of Dr. Eakins, whose visits to the College have won for him many friends.

Miss Anne Petit, of Trenton, a graduate in music '95, is in Rossland, where she will in future reside.

G. E. Eakins was present at the College closing.

Professor and Mrs. Doxsee's holidays were spent in Belleville.

Mr. Newgent, who attended Albert in '98, was visiting old friends here and last Sunday filled the Tabernacle pulpit.

Mr. M. F. Ames, a pedagogue from Brighton, took tea at the College a short time ago.

Our principal's father and brother and family are visiting at the College.

Miss DeGuerre spent her holidays at her home in Uxbridge.

Mr. D. Houston, an ex-student of Albert, now attending Queen's, took dinner at the College recently.

Rev. Mr. Hill was with us Friday morning at prayers and heartily welcomed the students to the Tabernacle.

Prof. Faul's holidays were spent at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. R. Graham, at the Guelph Agricultural College.

Miss Bertha Halliday, of Elgin, a former student of Albert, was married December 27th to Mr. H. Mills, principal of the Waterford High School. Congratulations.

Mr. T. J. C. Tindle, who matriculated at Albert last year and who is now attending Trinity Medical, was with friends here during Christmas closing.

Among those who lately joined our ranks are brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of many of our old students. Albert cordially welcomes them.

Two weeks ago last Friday evening the staff and students attended an at home given by the Bridge Street Epworth League Society in the Sunday School rooms, where a very pleasant evening was spent. For several years the students of the city have been kindly remembered by the League.

EXCHANGES

—)o(—

There are so many papers upon our exchange table, at the beginning of this New Year, possessing merit which we should be only too happy to mention but which time nor space will permit.

In the McMaster University Monthly is an interesting article on "A Study in Browning." Browning frequently presents the thought that the attainment of a comparatively low ideal is a less noble matter than the partial, yet perhaps approximate, attainment of a very lofty ideal, as for example :

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it ;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies, ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to two,
His hundreds soon hit ;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him.
This throws himself on God, and unperplexed,
Seeking shall find Him."

It is also affirmed that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp" and the alternative is asked "or what's a heaven for?" In summing up, it is stated that a man's standard should exceed his attainment."

"What thou hast in store
This coming year, I do not stop to ask
Enough if day by day there draws before
Me my appointed task."

"Time WAS, is past ; thou canst not it recall.
Time IS, thou hast ; employ the portion small.
Time FUTURE, is not, and may never be.
Time present is the only time for thee."

In the Evangel our interest is attracted to the story of Captain Gardiner's life, who died, not knowing that his work on earth helped anyone, but after his death the fruit sprang up.

True virtue goes on quietly through the world scattering good around, performing good deeds, without even the knowledge that what it does is heroic.

Better trust all and be deceived
 And weep that trust and that deceiving,
 Than doubt one heart which, if believed,
 Had blessed one's life with true blessing.
 —Francis Ann Kemble.

One of our most attractive and interesting exchanges is "The Ladies' Home Journal." In it this month is an account of "A Merry Woman's Letters to a Quiet Poet." Gail Hamilton and Whittier correspond for forty years and their letters reveal agreeable phases in the characters of both the writers.

We all have a work for the present hour. Different classes of people, or those interested in different movements, will tell you your duty. But you must be a judge of what duty is and what responsibility rests upon you in doing it. In business, in a profession, in college or in whatever you are engaged, the great thing to see is that the little duties next to you are done. How much these little duties affect your standing. Ex.

The Silent Worker gives us an account of the life of James L. Smith, of Farebault, Minnesota. A man of strong character and firm will; capable of governing a large body of men with no apparent effort. Through sickness, he became totally deaf at the age of eight years; at eleven he entered the School for the Deaf at Farebault, where he graduated. He then entered Gallandet College and in 1883 received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Two years later he was appointed Principal of the Educational Department of the Minnesota School, which position he now holds. One has said of him that he is a man in whom you can trust and not be disappointed; he is one of whom you can say much and never regret having said it.

LOST.—Two golden hours, each set with diamond minutes. No reward offered because they are eternally lost.—Ex.



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